

A NEW SONG,

Sung by the Irish children of Quebec,
To the air of "*Donybrook Fair*."

Oh, then what do you think of sweet Mr. Molloy—
Sure he has made himself a fine T^oy toy—

With his roast beef and plum-pudding and such like good cheer,
Ho forgets the time when a Liberal he was—
When in his blind zeal for the popular cause, *
He broke the Judge's windows with snow balls one night,
And next morning begged grace with his heart most contrite.
When he wanted Plum-pudding, &c.

But times are now alter'd, he has got a fat place,
And the "Papineau party," he fair would disgrace,
When he's full of plum pudding, &c.
Like all loyal Tories he now will trade,
With malignant, scurrilous, low-bred abuse
The popular party who have gained their ends,
In spite of the *faction* and all their great friends,
Who live on Plum-pudding, &c.

Yet such is our anxious desire, that we
And all our descendants shall ever be free,
We would sacrifice plum-pudding, &c.
But the blabbering fool whom a Scotsman did treat †
To what he was never accustomed to eat,
Has now turned Tory "and by the same rule"
For a meal of roast beef he'd be any man's tool—
With his fine fat Plum-pudding, &c.

At *Andrew's* great dinner I'm sure he'll attend,
And there, no doubt, his assistance will lend
To the Plum-pudding, &c.
For the eaten party have resolved to dine
And to keep up their spirits by pouring down wine;
And as it is known that Molloy wants relief,
Oor devil! who'd blame him to assuage his grief,
By lots of Plum-pudding and such like good cheer.

* When the late Dr. Tracey was imprisoned for libel against the Legislative Council, Mr. Molloy was so impressed with the injustice of the sentence that, to gratify his enraged feelings, he threw snow balls at the Chief Judge's windows; but, finding that he was known, he went next morning, with his hat in his hand, and begged the Judge's pardon. This is the man that abuses the party now for whom at that time he would go to such unjustifiable extremes.

† One of Mr. Molloy's principal reasons for supporting Mr. Stuart was, that the first day he came to Quebec, he dined at the house of a Scotsman on roast beef and plum pudding.

St. John's Suburbs, Quebec, November, 1834.